

The Firefly and the Rain

A fable by Francisco Ruesta

Those who wander around the forests say that, a long time ago, fireflies were very fearful creatures. They lived underground, with their far-off cousins, the black beetles, and they only left their shelter when they were certain there was no danger around. The fact was that they were afraid of everything that was above their underworld: they were afraid of spiders, birds, bears, wolves and even of the wind. But, above all, they were afraid of a dreadful and destructive invader called “the Rain.”

The Rain was a natural phenomenon, which occurred when the warmest seasons in the year gave way to the cold winter, and it was considered a blessing by the rest of the animals. Not so by the fireflies, since the rain flooded their deep underground homes and hundreds of them were dragged by the current and died, as their wings became still by the touch of the smallest drop of water.

Due to this fear, the life of the fireflies was limited only to what happened under the ground, and they were blind and ignorant of the beauty of nature.

Until one day, a firefly, one in a million, decided to see beyond its fears and prejudice. It realized that, behind each drop of rain, there was life and hope, calm and relief. It understood that sometimes you have to get through your fears to see the beauty on the other side. The rain brought about much more than what the firefly had ever imagined and, without even being conscious of it, it fell madly in love with its fearsome enemy.

It all happened in a hot and humid evening when, in the twinkling of an eye, a huge storm broke out.

Unlike the rest of its mates...